Au Naturel

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Summary

Years after the defeat of their mother, Satsuki and Ryuko are living together as sisters - but Satsuki's private habits are playing on Ryuko's mind. Specifically her love of being naked in their shared apartment.

Notes

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Chapter 1

Ryuko was glad to see things back to some kind of normal. After finding out that the entire human race had been forcibly evolved by a race of sentient alien threads, she needed a break. When the dust finally settled and Ragyo was defeated she needed a new place to stay. Mako and her family had been gracious hosts for a long time – but she knew that she was intruding on their kindness, and now even they had lost their home.

Satsuki fixed that right up. REVOCS may have become a pariah in the wake of Ragyo's attempts to conquer the earth, but they still had a lot of assets. They were the single largest company in the world. Satsuki chopped the company into pieces and sold them off to the highest bidder, making her a multi-billionaire almost overnight. Everyone who used to live on the island was given a huge pay-out from her personal bank account, meaning they could move on and find a new place to live.

Ryuko wanted something different. Satsuki was the older sister that she'd never met, and she'd grown to respect her greatly. She happily accepted an offer to live with her in her huge, modern penthouse apartment. She could take all the time she needed to figure out their relationship and refocus herself onto something new.

There was just one problem. An errant kind of behaviour that Ragyo had instilled in Satsuki that Ryuko could simply not comprehend.

"Is there something wrong?"

"Ugh! Put some clothes on! Please!"

The two had come across each other in the main hallway between their bedrooms and the bathroom. Ryuko knew the moment that Satsuki rounded the corner that this would be a problem. Satsuki was naked. Completely naked. She wore no clothes from head to toe, baring her nude body for the whole world to see. Ryuko had seen Satsuki naked before but at the time it wasn't really the biggest concern on her mind, *this* was simply ridiculous.

Satsuki didn't see the issue, "Why?"

"Because I don't wanna' see my sister's hairy ass bush every time I walk out of my bedroom!"

Satsuki looked down past the curve of her breasts, nestled between her pleasantly plump thighs was a wild explosion of dark hair. She had stopped shaving once she no longer had need of Junketsu. She couldn't parse why Ryuko found the sight so upsetting.

"Why does my natural form bother you so?"

Ryuko grunted, "There's nothing natural about this, Satsuki."

"I merely wish to dress as I please within my own home."

“You’re not *dressed* in anything,” Ryuko objected.

This pattern of behaviour had started out with some subtlety. Satsuki would forgo shirts and pants, preferring to wander around the mansion in her underwear. When Ryuko didn’t ring her up on it, she got rid of those too, instead wearing a soft, white robe with nothing underneath – she often left the middle open so that everyone could see her breasts. Finally, when Ryuko again didn’t air any complaints, she decided to forego the robe too.

Satsuki hadn’t worn any clothes in three days. It was driving Ryuko crazy. For Satsuki, being able to go naked in her own home was liberating. She enjoyed feeling the air against her skin and the sensation of the furniture against her butt. It connected back to the primal origins of man before they were influenced by the life fibres.

“Perhaps the problem is that you haven’t tried it for yourself,” Satsuki concluded, crossing her arms under her perky breasts, “There is nothing to fear in this home! We can bare our all to each other, as sisters and rivals!”

Ryuko sighed, “We’re not rivals anymore.”

“Come, strip yourself and show me your resolve!”

Ryuko cried out as her naked sister dived onto her and began tugging at the hem of the shirt she was wearing. A barrage of slaps on her ass and back did little to deter Satsuki’s determination to see Ryuko in her natural glory once again. Ryuko may have come out on top during their time as users of the god-robes, but Satsuki was a skilled combatant even outside of it. There was little chance of her winning this fight.

Even more so when Ryuko held up her arms and tried to cover her breasts. Satsuki wrestled with her, manhandling her body and quickly disposing of any fabric she came in contact with. Shirt, pants, underwear, bra. Everything had to go. With her foul work completed, Satsuki stood with a look of smug satisfaction on her face.

As sisters, the two had similar bodies; though Satsuki was remiss to admit that Ryuko had her beat in the chest department, if only slightly. Ryuko groaned and climbed back to her feet. She continued to use her forearm as a makeshift bra, while the other hand tried in vain to cover her lovely pussy.

“What’s wrong with you, seriously?”

“It’s skinship.”

Satsuki dashed back into attack range and grabbed Ryuko’s wrists, pulling them away from their positions and leaving her totally exposed. Ryuko struggled, but couldn’t free herself from the iron claws of her sister. Satsuki appraised her body in close detail, from her puffy nipples down to her toned stomach and plump vaginal mound.

“Why are you such a shitty pervert?” Ryuko despaired.

Satsuki knelt down and took a closer look at her little sister's slit. Ryuko had also decided against shaving her lower flower, resulting in a much more orderly burst of dark blue hair. Satsuki giggled. There was a red streak running down it! Just like the hair on her head.

"Geeze, this is so embarrassing!"

"Apologies," Satsuki coughed, "I was merely… admiring your garden."

"You're laughing at the stripe, aren't you?!"

Satsuki averted her gaze and tried to hide her face.

"Damn it. I should just shave this stuff off again."

"No, no. It's fine," Satsuki insisted, "I think it's lovely."

Ryuko blushed. This was *so* weird. Her sister was admiring her pubic hair and complimenting her for it. A malicious thought crossed her mind. Ryuko decided to take advantage while Satsuki was distracted. She slipped around her back and wrestled Satsuki down to the floor, reversing the situation and leaving her on the backfoot.

"You wanna' make fun of my bush? What the hell do you call this damn jungle you have down here?" Ryuko slipped her hands around Satsuki's waist and dug the tips of her fingers into the thick, tangled knot of uncut pubic hair that completely hid her pussy from sight. Ryuko's eyes bulged as her index finger became caught in a loop of hair, tugging on Satsuki's skin and causing her to yelp in pain.

Satsuki's cheeks were covered with a light blush. Ryuko's vicious assault had made her feel self-aware. "It's perfectly natural," she insisted, "Why are women expected to spend so much time and effort shaving themselves for the approval of others?" The thick strands of raven black hair had entrapped Ryuko's hand. She could have easily taken a handful of it and then some. She carefully withdrew, wiping her hand off on Satsuki's thigh.

Ryuko was spooning Satsuki from behind, pressing her breasts into her back. She had to admit it was cosy. The cold air was being warded away by the warmth of Satsuki's body. It reminded Ryuko of the last moments of their struggle against Ragyo and the life-fibres.

"You're so weird, sis."

"…I just wanted us to share something," Satsuki sighed, "We're so different from each other."

Ryuko pushed herself up and slapped her arm jokingly, "That's fine. But does it have to be… this?"

Satsuki smirked, "Ah. I see that you're worried about turning this into a common thing."

"I am not!"

“The seed has been planted. I must do my best to nurture and care for it, until it blooms into a wonderful flower.”

Ryuko rolled her eyes and hopped back up to her feet. She winced as she felt the unrestrained weight of her breasts bounce on her chest. Satsuki may have no issues with it, but Ryuko liked wearing a bra. “Next time, ask before stripping me. Please.”

“…Next time?”

Ryuko bundled up her clothes and walked away, hips and ass swaying in plain view of Satsuki. The aggressive girl may be more open to the idea than she thought.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I had this sitting in my drafts for ages. I decided to cap it off and post it finally.

Ryuko had backed herself into a corner. She had given her implicit approval for Satsuki's behaviour the last time they 'fought' over it, and she was eager to take advantage. It was now rarer to see her *with* clothes rather than without them. The hot-headed tomboy had also noticed the thin cord dangling from between her labia – come hell, high water or even her period, Satsuki refused to wear clothes. Additionally, Satsuki has ceased shaving her armpits, to such an extent that it was impossible to ignore the curly black hairs that peered out from the crease between her arms and chest.

Worst of all, Ryuko was being worn down into accepting it, though perhaps she was more like her sister than she wanted to admit. Whenever Satsuki left their shared home for business or to meet with friends, Ryuko stripped away her own garments; internally rationalising that she wanted to find out what was so exciting about it. It had happened so casually that Ryuko had to admonish herself for falling into the same bad habit.

But it did feel good…

It was a sleepy Friday evening, the setting sun illuminated the white marble and plaster of the modern penthouse, and a messy pile consisting of a shirt, jacket, jeans, bra and panties had been left beside the door to Ryuko's room. Ryuko stood naked as the day she was born before the large glass windows that looked out over the city. Not that there was any chance of someone seeing her. The huge, expensive glass façade was treated with an *equally* expensive one-sided privacy coating. From the outside the glass was dark and reflective. It prohibited enterprising drone pilots from snapping candid pictures of the richest woman in the world (and her sister.)

The internal reflection could still be seen and Ryuko was very much into admiring her own body. She was always the athletic type, meaning her body was lean, mean and covered with curves. Ryuko reached down and scratched her left ass cheek with a yawn. Satsuki wouldn't be back for a few hours, more than enough time to have her fill of living free and breezy. She chuckled. It felt like she was getting away with something - pulling a fast one under her sister's nose and indulging in a hobby she had previously projected a sense of disgust about.

Ryuko looked down between her breasts and to her pubic mound. The carpet did match the drapes to a fault, including an unusual vivid red streak running through it. Why the heck did becoming infused with life fibres screw with her pubic hair too? It was a bad joke. Satsuki had prodded her over and over about her 'characterful' bush. Far short of feeling liberating, it had only made Ryuko extremely embarrassed.

But what was Ryuko to do with her alone time? She'd already masturbated earlier that day, and didn't feel like doing it again. Despite having all the money in the world, Ryuko could never think of anything to do with it. She just wanted to kick back and relax. Setting something up was too much effort. So, she decided to laze about and watch TV.

Microwaved meal in one hand, remote in the other. Ryuko crashed down onto the plush couch in the living room and turned on the huge television. She flipped through the channels until she found something that caught her interest. Naked. Ryuko became so engrossed in watching TV and rubbing her butt against the pillows that she didn't hear the door open, nor the voice of her sister calling out until it was too late to conceal her crime.

"I see. So this is how you entertain yourself when I am not home."

Ryuko's entire body tensed up as a familiar voice spoke to her from behind the couch. Satsuki loomed over her like a giant. She hadn't heard her come home! Panic struck. Alarms blared. Ryuko had been well and truly rumbled this time. The excuses flowed from her mouth like water, "T-This isn't what it looks like! I got… some stuff on my clothes and I was too lazy to change!"

Satsuki's face took a dark turn. Ryuko did not know what the consequences would be. At least, for that moment where she stood there unmoving. She was a draconian woman at heart – despite her love of exhibitionism. Would she be upset about her dishonesty? Her face was totally unreadable. Ryuko had never known her sister get *upset* in a domestic setting before.

Her fears were ultimately unfounded. Satsuki reached up and *tore* the clothes from her body in one fell swoop, shredding threading and fabric into pieces and revealing her muscular, naked body to Ryuko once again. Her voice boomed across the penthouse like a crack of thunder; "I'm so happy that you now understand the joys of casual nudity, sister!"

Ryuko squawked as Satsuki dived over the back of the couch and dragged her into a naked hug.

"Q-Quit it Satsuki! Just because I'm naked doesn't mean you can get all touchy-feely again!"

Ryuko's objections couldn't stop the onslaught of Satsuki's invasive fingers and palms. She eagerly slipped her hands under Ryuko's armpits and emerged out in front, planting them firmly on both of her soft breasts. After giving them a firm squeeze and pinching at her nipples, Satsuki huffed in jealousy. "These are very wonderful, Sister. I must affirm Mako's testimony that they are larger than my own."

Ryuko struggled and tried to get away – but Satsuki's legs had entrapped her own in a vice, "That doesn't make me any happier, dumbass!"

As the taller of the pair, Satsuki found it easy to wrap Ryuko up in her body. Ryuko felt Satsuki's nipples poking into her back. The sisterly spooning continued as Satsuki's hands drifted further and further south. Ryuko blushed vibrantly as the tips of her fingers toyed with her pubic hair once again. A hot splash of Satsuki's breath tickled her ear.

"Hm. What a lovely pussy."

“S-Satsuki…”

This was so wrong. But Ryuko couldn’t find the will to resist. The taboo nature of their relationship was filling a gap that Ryuko didn’t know was there – that long felt yearning for a family of her own; and a desire to make up for lost time by being more intimate with her than any other sister would be. Ryuko gasped as Satsuki’s finger spread her labia apart and revealed her flower in full. Satsuki couldn’t see it from her position behind Ryuko, but the thought caused her heart to pound.

Ryuko’s bush was wonderful! Despite her continued efforts to keep her body trimmed, Ryuko was her sister through and through. Their hair grew at a rather alarming pace, above and below. Satsuki was the first girl in her class to grow armpit hair, and then the same thing happened when it came to her pubic mound a few weeks later. Satsuki felt an immense sense of pride at becoming an adult woman.

Her mind raced with fantasies of Ryuko going fully natural like herself. What kind of dense tangle would form given enough time and care? Ryuko’s body was already a beautiful sight, but it could be even better than it is now! Ryuko, standing bashfully, with a hairy pussy and asshole – all topped with that characteristic red streak! Satsuki had to stop herself from drooling at the thought of Ryuko’s armpit hair emerging from the tightly held crease of her upper arms. The fight tapered off as both girls were struck by their positions on the issue.

“Uh, Satsuki – let me just explain, please?”

Satsuki allowed the small request and allowed her labia to close, however those same fingers were soon drawn into her pubes, which she stroked and toyed with while Ryuko composed herself.

“I was just curious about how it felt, that’s all. I knew you’d react like this so I did it in secret a few times, okay?”

Satsuki smirked and exhaled through her nose, “I see. And what did you think? Would you like to walk the path of humanity’s ancestors with me?”

“I wouldn’t put it like that,” Ryuko sneered, “But maybe I’ll shed a few clothes from time to time. It’s kinda’ fun. I guess.”

Ryuko’s qualifications may as well not have existed, because Satsuki only heard half of her sentence. The moment she offered her assent to further nudist adventures, Satsuki could only think about how to drag her even deeper down the rabbit hole – to fully explore her true nature as a human who once lived in the wild. But for now, being allowed to see her adorable and sexy sister naked was good enough.

She planted a kiss on the back of Ryuko’s neck, causing her to blush vibrantly.

“Want to let me go now, sis?”

“Hmmm. In an hour, perhaps.”

Ryuko laughed nervously; but she wasn’t joking.

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